

1
1
3
4

P O E M S O F M^{r.} C O V V L E Y A N D O T H E R S.

C O M P O S E D into *S O N G S* and *A Y R E S*
with a Thorough *B A S S E* to the Theorbo,
Harpfecon, or Base-viol;

B Y
WILLIAM KING Organist of *New-Colledge*
In the University of *O X O N*:



O X F O R D,
Imprinted By *William Hall*, For the
Author 1668.

Mc Gregor

TO ALL
LOVERS OF MUSICK.

THE only Reason that caus'd mee to Print these Songs, was to serve the desires of my Friends; And since they are publique, I must content my selfe with what Fortune they meet with, or what Acceptation they shall have. I intended many more Songs, which might have made this Book farr larger; But considering that they were not so fit company for the *Great COWLET*, I have given them leave to find out more suitable Acquaintance.

Farewell.

4

ALL OT
ADVICE TO A RAYON

Some few faults have escap'd the Presse by the
Authors absence; and where any Cliffe or Notes
are misplac'd, you shall find the letters put under or
over them, which will plainly be understood.

Hast yore trouvay poeple to go by whom yore sent
aboyt evryngt poeple wch whom behalfe I
sot out yore selfe quallities and poynt tuftelot all
myngt wch I gived yore wch of all yongnes of
~~conscience~~ ~~wch~~ wch I gived yore wch

Yours R

The CONCEALEMENT.

No; to what purpose should I speak? No, wretched Heart,

Swell till you break! she cannot love me if she

Would; and to say truth, 'twere pity that she

Should. No, to the Grave thy sorrows bear, as

Silent, as they will be there/ since that lov'd

(2)



Hand this mortal wound do's give , so



Handsomely the thing contrive , that she may



Guiltless of it live. So perish, that her killing



Thee may a Chance-Medley, and no Murther



Bee.



DUL

A

2

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
 By her *Beauty*, not her *Anger* dy ;
 This will look justly, and become
 An *Execution*; that a *Martyrdome*.
 The censuring world will ne'r refrain
 From judging men by *Thunder* slain.
 She must be angry sure, if I should be
 So bold to ask her to make me
 By being *hers*, *happi'er* then *she*.
 I will not; 'tis a milder fate
 To fall by her not *Loving* then her *Hate*.

3.

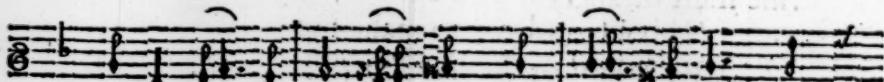
And yet this death of mine, I fear,
 Will *ominous* to her appear :
 When, found in every other part,
 Her *Sacrifice* is found without an *Heart*.
 For the last *Tempest* of my death
 Shall sigh out that too, with my *breath*.
 Then shall the world my noble ruine see,
 Some *pity*, and some *envy* Mee,
 Then *She* herself, the *mighty* *Shee*
 Shall grace my fun' rals with this truth
Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle Youth.



DAVIDS Song to MICHAL.



A wake, awake my Lyre, and tell thy silent



Masters humble tale, in sounds that may prevaile; such



Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,



Though so Exalted she and I so Lowly be,



Tell her such diffe'rent Notes make all thy Harmonie.



Harke

Hark, how the Strings awake,
 And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear,
 A kind of num'rous *Trembling* make.
 Now all thy forces try,
 Now all thy charms apply,
 Revenge upon her *Ear* the Conquests of her *Eye*.

Weak *Lyre* ! thy vertue sure
 Is useless here, since thou art onely found
 To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
 And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My *Passion* to remove,
Phyfick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nourishment to Love*.

Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre* ;
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale,
 In sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ;
 All thy vain mirth lay by,
 Bid thy strings silent ly,
 Sleep; sleep again, my *Lyer*, and let thy *Master dy*.

The ENJOYMENT.

Then like some wealthy *Island* thou shall lie; and
 Like the Sea about it I. Thou like faire *Albion*
 To the Sailors sight, spreading her beauteous
 Bosome all in White, like the kind Oce'an I will
 Be with loving Arms for ever clasping Thee.
 But

But I'll embrace Thee gent'ler far then so ;

As their fresh Banks soft Rivers do,
Nor shall the *proudest Planet* boast a power
Of making my *full Love* to ebb one hour ;

It never *dry* or *low* can prove,
Whilst thy unwasted Fountain feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,
As if like *Doves* we engendred there.
No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure,
In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*.

Nought shall my hands or Lips controul ;
I'll kiss Thee through, I'll kiss thy *very Soul*.

4.

Yet nothing, but the *Night* our sports shall know ;
Night that's both *blind* and *silent* too.
Alpheus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd *Sicanian Fountain* to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the Sea,
Then I will do t'enjoy, and feast on Thee.

5.

Men, out of *Wisdom*; *Women*, out of *Pride*,
The pleasant *Thefts* of Love do hide.
That may secure thee ; but thou hast yet from Me
A more *infallible Securitie*.

For there's no danger I should tell
The Joys, which are to Me *unspeakable*.

Her N A M E.

With more then *Jewish Reverence*, as yet, do I the
 Sacred Name con - ceale; When yee kind Stars, ah!
 When will it be fit , This gentle Mist'ry to reveale ,
 When will our Love be nam'd, & we posses, that Christning
 As a Badge of Happiness.

~~So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,~~

So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,
To wear that Gem on any Line;

To wear that Gem on any Line;

Nor, til the happy Nuptial Muse be seene,

Shall any Stanza with it shine.

Rest, mighty Name, till then ; for thou must be
Laid down by Her, e're taken up by Me.

3.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;

Then Echoes burden it shall be;

Then all the Birds in severall notes shall sing,

And all the Rivers murmur Thee;

Then ever'y wind the Sound shall upwards bear,

And softly whisper'd to some Angels Ear.

4

Then shall thy *Name* through all my *Verse* be spread

Thick as the flowers in Meadows lye,

And, when in future times they shall be read,

(As sure, I think, they will not dye)

If any Critick doubt that *They be mine,*

Men by that Stamp shall quickly know the Coyn.

5

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a Name

So good to represent thee by;

Adam (Gods Nomenclator) could not frame

One that enough should signify.

Astrea or *Cælia* as unfit would prove

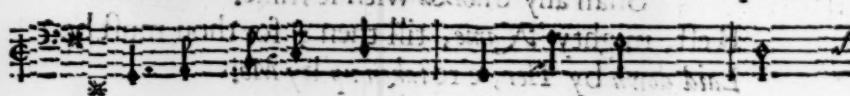
For Thee, as 'tis to call the Deity, Jove.

D

A Comparison between ART and NATURE.



ART lives on Nature's Almes is weak and poore



Nature her selfe hath inexhausted store



Wallows in Wealth and runs --- a hidden



Maze that no vulgar eye can trace Art's like th'ig-



noble Crowe rapin and noize does Love whilst



Natures

[11]



Nature's like the sacred Bird of Jove now beares



Loud Tho - - - - - un -



ders , and anon with silent Joy the beaut'uos Pbrig'ian



Boy , defeats the strong ore - takes the fly-ing

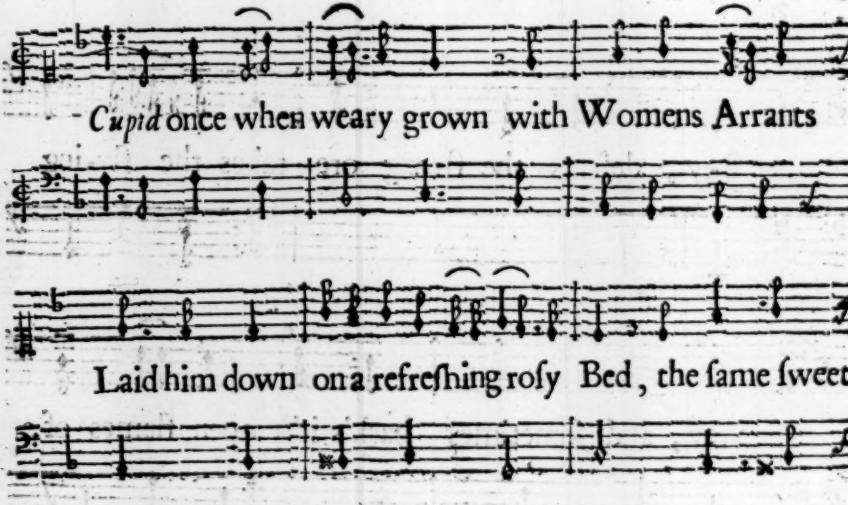
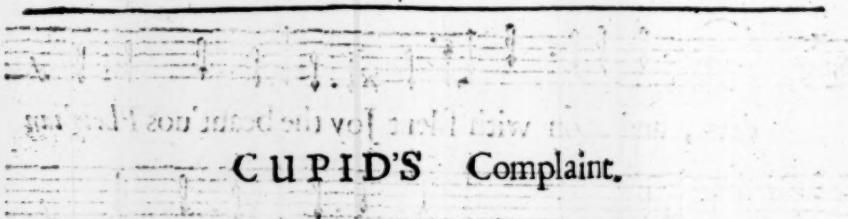
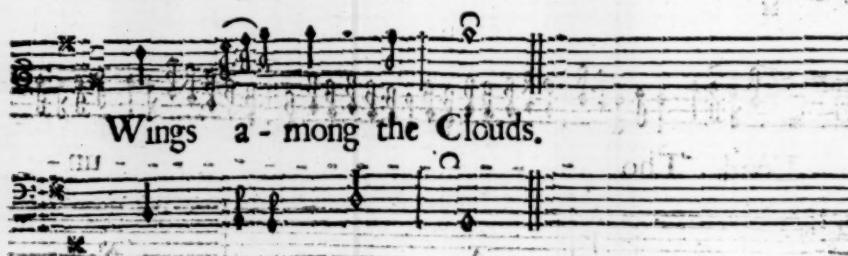
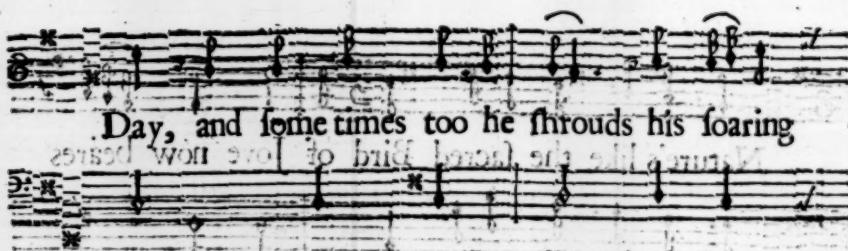


Prey , and sometimes bask's it'h open flames of



D 2

Day





Covert harbour'd a Bee and as she alwaies had a quarrell



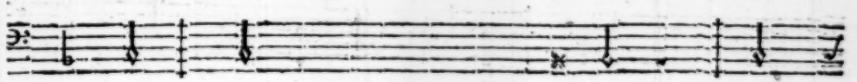
to Love's Idle Trade stings the soft Boy: Paine .



and strong tears streight melts him into Cryes and



Tears. As wings and feet would lett each other



Home he hastens to his Mother, There on her knees he



E hangs

Hangs his Head, and Cryes, O Mother, I am dead
 An ugly Snake they call a Bee (O see I swell !)
 has murther'd mee, Venus with similes reply'd, O
 Sir, does a Bee's sting make all this stirr, Think what
 paines attend those Darts wherewith thou still art
 wounding

wounding Hearts. E'en let it smart may chance that
 then Thou'l't learn more pitty towards Men.

M Y F A T E.

Goe bid the Needle his dear North forsake, to
 which

E. 2



which with trembling Reverence it does bend. Go



bidd the Stones a Journey upwards make: Go



bid th'ambiti'ous Flames no more t'ascend



And when these false to their own Moti'ons prove,



Then shall I cease, Thee Thee alone to Love.



SONG 2.

The fast-link'd *Chain* of everlasting *Fate*
 Does nothing tye more strong, than *Me* to *You* ;
 My fixt *Love* hangs not on your *Love* or *Hate* ;
 But will be still the same, what e're you do.
 You cannot *kill* my *Love* with your *disdaine*,
 Wound it you may, and make it *live in pain*:

3.

Mee, mine example let the *Stoicks* use,
 Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain,
 Let all *Pradefinators* me produce,
 Who struggle with *eternal bonds* in vain.
 This *Fire* I'm *born* to, but 'tis she must tell,
 Whether't be *Beams* of *Heav'en*, or *Flames* of *Hell*.

4.

You, who mens *fortunes* in their faces *feade*,
 To find out *mine*, look not, alas, on *Mee* ;
 But mark *her Face*, and all the features heed ;
 For onely there is writ my *Destinie*.
 Or if stars shew it, gaze not on the *skyes* ;
 But study the *Astrol ogy* of her *Eyes*.

5.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
 What *Mars* or *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;
 I well believe the *Fate* of mortal days
 Is writ in *Heav'en*; but, oh my *heav'en* is there.
 What can men learn from stars they scarce can see?
 Two great *Lights* rule the world, and her two, *Mee*.

LOVES FIELD.



Men of Warr, march bravely on, The Field is easy



to be wonn; There's no danger in that Warr, where



Lipps both Swords and Bucklers are, Here's no



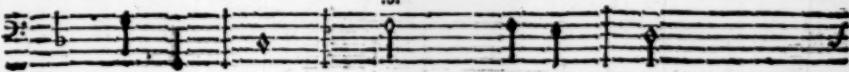
Cold to Chill you, A Bedd of Doun'e's your



Field Here's no Sword to kill you unless you



please to yeild. Here is nothing to in-



cumber, Here will be no Scars to number.



Composed by Mr George King the Authors Father.

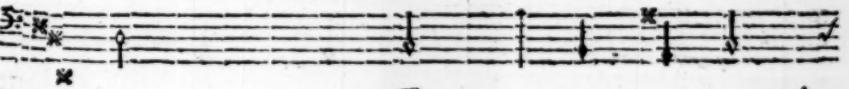
ALEXIS Singing.



Yes yes, It is *Alexis* sings to his Theorboe,



whil'st the strings tremble to heare his lusty



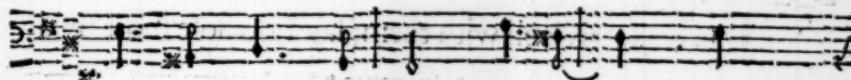
F 2

voice

voice, but - shake their well - Tun'd mellow
 noize. And every Songster in the Fields, to
 his sweet straines the better yeilds, when He sings
 high, The Nightingall baffl'd doth hush her pretty
 Tale, when lower the Melodious Bee would
 hum



Hum and imitate, but Shee finding it is in vaine to



strive, for griefe doth creep in - to her *Hive*, Thus with Ap-



- Plauding silence All admire each slide, each rise, each



fall. If they perceave that He drawes nigh This Cidence



ends his Harmony. Then voice they thus a second strain, sweet *Alexis* sing again.

All-over LOVE.

T Is well, 'tis well with them (say I,) whose short liv'd
 Passions with themselves can dye: For none can be unhappy
 who mid'st all his ills a time does know, Though ne're so
 long when he shall not be so.

SONGES AND DIVINATIONS.

2.
 What ever parts of Me remain,
 Those parts will still the Love of thee retain ;
 For 'twas not only in my Heart,
 But like a God by pow'ful Art,
 'Twas all in all, and all in every part.

3.

My Affection no more perish can
 Then the First Matter that compounds a Man.
 Hereafter if one Dust of Mee
 Mixt with anothers substance bee,
 'Twill Leaven that whole Lump with Love of Thee.

4.

Let Nature if she please disperse
 My Atoms over all the Universe,
 At the last they easil'y shall
 Themselves know, and together call ;
 For thy Love, like a Mark, is stamp'd on all.

LOVES VISIBILITY.



With much of paine, and all the Art I knew, have



I endevourd hither - to ; To hide my Love, and yet



all will not doe.



The world perceives it, and it may be, *she* ;
 Though so discreet and good *she* be,
 By hiding it, to teach that skill to *Me*.

3.

Men without *Love* have oft so curning grown,
 That something like it they have showne,
 But none who had it ever seem'd t'have *none*.

4.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
 Can no arts or disguises find,
 But thinks none *sees* it cause it self is *blind*.

5.

The very *Eye* betrays our inward smart;
Love of himself left there a part,
 When thorow it he past into the *Heart*.

6.

Or if by chance the *Face* betray not it,
 But keep the secret wifely, yet,
 Like *Drunkeuness*, into the *Tongue* t'will get.

H

L O V E Undiscovered.

I; others may with safety tell, the mode' rate flames which
 in them dwell, and either find some med'cine there, or
 cure themselves ev'en by despair: My Love's so
 great that it may prove, dange'rous to tell her that I
 Love; So tender is my wound , it must not beare



any Sa-lute though of the kindest ayr.



2.

I would not have *her* know the pain,
The Torments for her I sustain.
Lest too much *goodness* make her throw
Her *Love* upon a *Fate* too low.
Forbid it Heaven my *Life* should be
Weigh'd with her least *Conveniencie*:
No; let me *perish* rather with my grief,
Then to her *disadvantage* find *relief*.

3.

Yet when I dye, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
Like covetous Men who ne'r descry,
Their dear hid *Treasures* till they dy.
Ah fairest Maid, how will it chear
My *Ghost*, to get from *Thee* a *tear*!
But take heed; for if me thou *Pitieſt* then,
Twenty to one but I shall *live* agen.

The given L O V E.

Ille on for what should hinder mee, from Loving
 and enjoy - ing Thee, Thou can'st not those excepti'ons make
 which thin Soul'd under-Mortalls take, That my Fate's too meane and
 low, 'twere pity I should love thee so, If that dull cause could
 hinder mee in Loving and en - joying Thee.

2.

It does not me a whit displease
 Since that the rich all Honour seize;
 That you all Titles make your own,
 Are Valiant, Learned, Wise alone.
 But if you claime o're Women too
 The power which over Men ye do;
 If you alone must Lovers be,
 For that, Sirs, you must pardon me.

3.

Rather then lose what does so neare
 Concern my Life and Being here,
 I'll some such crooked ways invent,
 As you, or your Fore-fathers went,
 I'll flatter or oppose the King,
 Turn Puritan, or Any Thing;
 I'll force my Mind to arts so new:
 Grow Rich, and Love as well as You.

4.

But rather thus let me remain;
 As Man in Paradise did reign;
 When perfect Love did so agree
 With Innocence and Poverty.
 Adam did no Joynture give,
 Himself was Joynture to his Eve:
 Untoucht with Av'arice yet or Pride,
 The Rib came freely back to 'his side,

5.

A curse upon the man who taught
 VVomen, that Love was to be bought;
 Rather dote onely on your Gold?
 And that with greedy av'arice hold;
 For if Woman too submit
 To that, and sell her self for it,
 Fond Lover, you a Mistress have
 Of her, that's but your Fellow-slave.

vide Cowley fol. 6. Mift.

COUNCELL.

Ah! what advice can I receave, No, satisfy mee
 first; For who would Physick pot'ions give, to one that
 dyes with thirst. A little puff of breath we find small
 fires can quench and kill, But when they'r great the
 adverse wurd, does make them greater still, now whilst you
 speake

speake, it moves me much, but streight I'me just the
 same : Alas! th'ef - fect must needs be such of cutting
 through a flame.

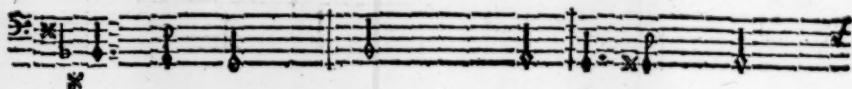
Upon the graveing a Name on a Tree.

A - las ! how barbarous are wee, thus to re - ward the curte'ous
 Tree

I 2



Tree, who it's broad shade affording us, deserves not to be



wounded thus. See, see how the yeilding barke com-plies with our un-



-gratefull injuries; And seeing this say how much then, Trees



are more generous then Men, Who by a Noblenesſ so



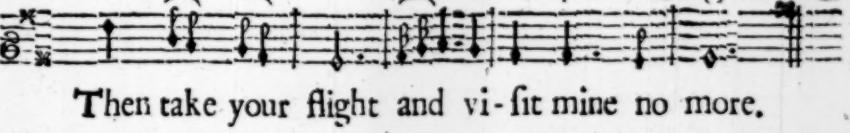
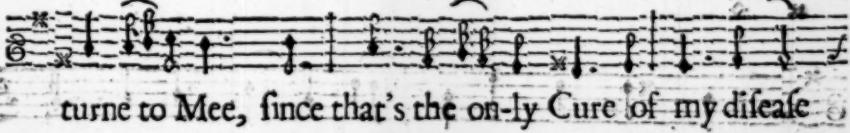
Pure, Can first oblige and then en-dure.



301 T

2 I

LOVES CURE.



The Given HEART.

I won - der what those Lovers meane who
 say, they have give'n their Hearts away,
 Some good kind Lovers, tell me how, for mine is
 but a tor - ment to me now.

Thee take thou my gift, this gift on me!

If so it be, one place both hearts contain,
 For what do they complain ?
 What courtesie can Love do more,
 Then joyn Hearts, that parted were before ?

3.

Wo to her stubborn Heart, if once mine com
 Into the self same room ;
 'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Granado-like into a *Magazin*.

4.

Then shall Love keep the ashes, and torn parts,
 Of both our broken Hearts :
 Shall out of both *one* new one make,
 From hers, th' *Allay* ; from mine, the *Metal* take.

5.

For of her heart, he from the flames will find
 But little left behind :
 Mine only will remain entire ;
 No dross was there, to perish in the Fire.

Clad in VV H I T E.

Fairest Thing that shines below, why in this
 Robe dost thou ap - peare, would'st thou a white most
 perfect show, Thou must at all no garment wear
 For Thou wilt seem much whiter so, Then winter
 when 'tis clad in Snow.

2. DOLATRIC SIT

'Tis not the *Linnen* shews so fair :
 Her skin shines through, and makes it bright ;
 So *clouds* themselves like *Suns* appear,
 When the *Sun* pierces them with Light :
 So *Lillies* in a glas enclose,
 The *Glas* will seem as white as those.

3.

Thou now one heap of beauty art ;
 Nought outwards, or within is foul :
Condensed beams make every part :
 Thy *Body's Cloathed* like the *Soul*.
 Thy *soul*, which does it self display,
 Like a star plac'd i'th *Milky way*.

4.

Such robes the *Saints* departed weare,
 Wooven all with *Light* divine ;
 Such their exalted *Bodies* are,
 And with such full glory shine.
 But they regard not mortals pain ;
 Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

5.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
 My hopes will needs continue still ;
 Thou wouldest not take this garment sure,
 When thou hadst an intent to kill.
 Of *Peace* and yielding who would doubt,
 VVhen the white *Flag* he sees hung out.

L

The DISTANCE.

I have follow'd Thee a year at least, and
 ne- ver stopt my selfe to rest, but yet can
 Thee or'etake no more, then this day can the
 Day that went be- fore.

LOVES ECHOES

In this our fortunes equal prove
 To Stars, which govern them above;
 Our Stars that move for ever round,
 With the same distance still betwixt them found,

3.

In vain, alas, in vain I striye
 The wheel of Fate faster to drive;
 Since if a round it swiftlier fly
 She in it mends her pace as much as I.

4.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
 That there can never meet a Pare!
 Tamerlier then Wormes are Lovers slain;
 The wounded Heart ne'r turns to wound again.

L 2

LOVES FUELL.

Since Love hath in thine and mine Eyes, Kindled an
 holy flame, what prie tie twere to let it dye, what
 Sinn to quench the same; The Stars that seem ex -
 -tinct by day, dis - close their beams at night
 and in a subtle sence con -vey, Their Loves in flames of Light.

VVhat though our Bodies doe not meet,

Love's fuell's more Divine;

The fixt-stars by their twinkling greet,

Although they never joyne.

Falce Meteors that do change their place,

Though they seem faire and bright;

Yet when they covet to embrace,

Fall down, and loose their light.

If thou percev'lt thy Love decay,
^{3.}

Come light thine Eyes at mine:

And if I find mine waft away,

I'll fetch fresh fire from thine;

Thus while we shall preserve from waft,

The flame of our desires;

No Vestall shall maintain more chaste,

Nor more Immortall fires.

A G E.

Oft am I by the VVomen told, Poore A
 - nacreon thou grow'st old; See how thy haires
 are fall - ing all, Poor A-na-cre-on how they
 fall; Whether I grow old or noe? By the ef
 -fects I doe not know, This I know with-out being

not told, 'Tis time to Live if I growe Old,

but 'Tis a time so short pleasures - then light to I

s. chance, Of little Life the best to make,

And manage wise- ly the last stake.

Turne over for the Second Part.

The Second Part.

Fill the bowle with ro-sie wine, round our
 Temples ro-ses twine; And let us hear-fully a while like the Wine and Ro-ses smile
 Crowned thus wee will con-temn Gyges wealthie
 Diadem: To day is ours what need wee feare

To day is ours wee have it here, Lets gently
 treat it, that it may, VVish at Least with us to
 stay. Lets bannish busi'ness, ban-nish sor-row
 to the Gods be - longs to mor-row.

Compos'd by E. Y. a Friend and Lover of Musique.
N

The Heart - Breaking.

It gave a pit'eous groane, and so it broke
 In vaine some-thing it would have spoke
 The Love with-in too strong for't was, Like Poyson
 put into a Venice Glasse.

2.

I thought that *this* some *Remedy* might prove,
 But, oh, the mighty *Serpent Love*
 Cut by this chance in pieces small,
 In all still *liv'd*, and still it *stung* in all.

3

And now (alas) each little broken part
 Feels the whole pain of all my *Heart* :
 And every smallest corner still
 Lives with that torment which the *whole* did kill.

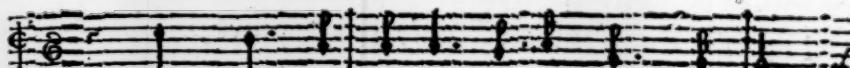
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Even so rude *Armies* when the field they quit,
 And into several *Quarters* get ;
 Each *Troop* does spoil and ruine more,
 Then all joyn'd in one *Body* did before.

5.

How many *Loves* reign in my bosom now ?
 How many *Loves* , yet all of you ?
 Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
 My *Monarch-Love* into a *Tyrant State*.

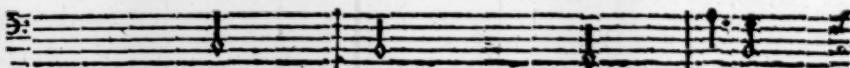
The MONOPOLY.



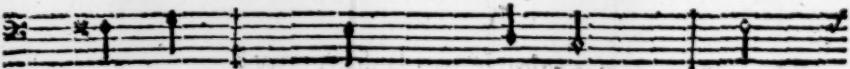
What Mynes of Sulphur in my Breast doe lye,



That feed th'æ-ternall burnings of my Heart;



Not *Aetna* flames more fierce or con-stant-ly, the



sounding shopp of *Vulcans* smoaky Art; *Vulcan* his



shop hath placed there, And *Cu-pids* forge is set up here.



Here all those Arrows mortal Heads are made,
That flye so thick unseen through yielding ayr ;
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade
Are Jealousie, Fear, Sadness and Despair.

Ah cruel God ! and why to me
Gave you this curst Monopolie ?

I have the trouble, not the gains of it ;
Give me but the disposal of one Dart ;
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you please your furnace in my Heart.
So sweet's Revenge to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly dy.

Deep into'her bosom would I strike the dart ;
Deeper then Woman e're was struck by Thee ;
Thou giv'it them small wounds, and so far from th'Heart,
They flutter still about inconstantly.

Curse on thy Goodness, whom we find
Civil to none but Woman-kind !

Vain God ! who woman dost thy self adore !
Their wounded hearts do still retain the powers
To travel, and to wander as before ;
Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that sex and ours
So unjustly are distributed ;
They take the Feathers, we the Head

The 133 Psal. Mr Sands's Translation

Two voices to the Organ.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with two staves. The top staff of each system is for the upper voice, and the bottom staff is for the lower voice. The music is written in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The organ part is indicated by a basso continuo staff at the bottom of each system.

System 1:

- Upper voice: O blest e-state, blest from a-bove blest from above
- Lower voice: O blest e-state blest from above

System 2:

- Upper voice: when brethren joyne in mutu'all
- Lower voice: blest from a-bove when Brethren joyne in mut'uall

System 3:

- Upper voice: Love in mu - tu'all Love, Tis like the pret'ious Odors
- Lower voice: Love in mu - tuall Love.

shed on consecrated Aaron's
Tis like the pretious odours shed on consecrated Aaron's

Head which trick-led trick-led from his Head
which trickled trickled from his

and breast down to the borders of his vest to the
Head and breast down to the borders of his vest to the
borders

borders of his Vest. Tis like the Pearls of Dew that drop drop

borders of his Vest. Tis like the pearls of Dew that Drop

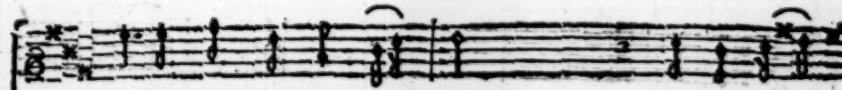
on Syons e-ver fra-grant Top, Or which the smy-ling Heav'ens di.

drop, on Syons e-ver fra-grant Top, Or which the smyling

- still on happy Syons sacred Hill, for there the Lord his

Heavens distill on happie Syons sacred Hill, for there the Lord his

arabed



favours plac't and life which shall and life which



favours plac't and life which shall



shall for ever last and life which shall



and life which shall for e-ver last and life which shall



For e - ver Last Alleluiah Al - le - luiah Al - le -



For e - ver last



Iniah

Alleluiah Al ill: Al ill: Al ill:

Alleluiah Al ill: Al ill: Al ill:

Al ill: Al ill: Alle-lui-ah

Al ill: Al ill: Al ill: [Alle-lui-ah]

Bassus. Gloria Patri &c. 3 Voc.

Glo-ri-a Pa-tri & Filio & Spiritui Sancto & Spi-

-tui Sancto & Spiritui Sancto Sancto & Spi-ri-tu-i Sancto

Sicut erat in principio est nunc & semper est nunc ill:

Semper & in Secula & in Secula Seculorum & in Secula

Seculorum - A - - - - men.

and in jacula calcareous as well as men.

in ja-cu-la *in fe-cu-la* *in ja - cu - la* *ja-cu-la*

sempiterni erat in primis et nunc et semper et nunc et semper

Spirillum San-Glo ♂ *Spirillum San-Glo* ♂ *Spirillum San-Glo*

Gloria Pa - tri E lili-o Spi - ri-tu-i Spi - ri-tu-i San-cto-i

Contra-Tenor.

Treble.

Gloria Patri & Fili - o & Spiritui Sancto &

Spirituī San - ēo & Spiritui San - ēo Sicut erat in

prin-ci-pi-a est nunc & semper est nunc & semper

¶ in secula seculorum ¶ in secula secula

& in secula seculorum & in secula secula secu-

lorum & in se - cu - la se - cu - lo - rum A - - - - men.

F I N I S.